A POWER COMIC

THE PICK OF THE POWER PACK!

SMASH!

No. 103
20th JAN. 1968
EVERY MONDAY
7d

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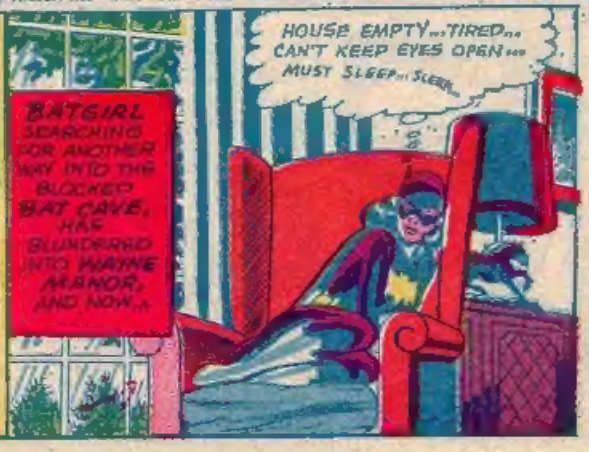

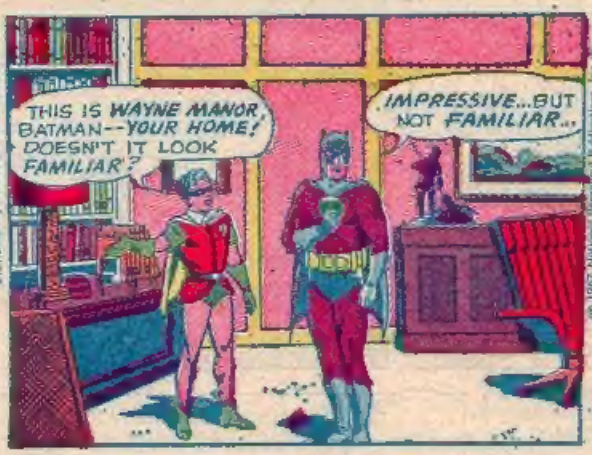

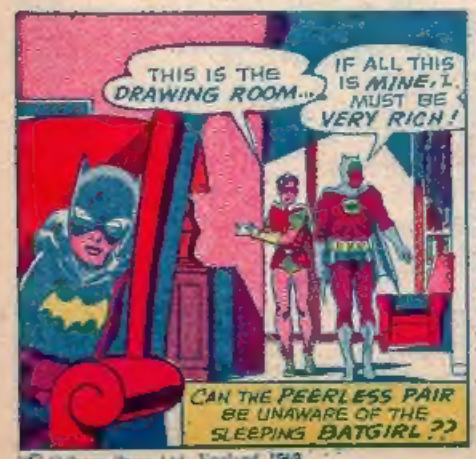

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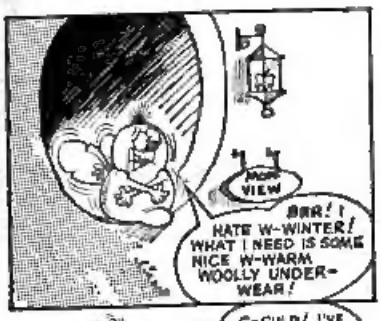
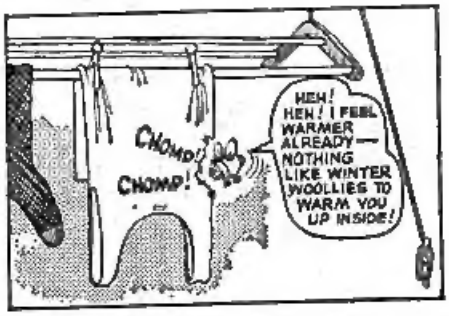
Percy's Pets


VIEW
BRR! I HATE W-WINTER! WHAT I NEED IS SOME NICE W-WARM WOOLLY UNDER-WEAR!


CHOMP!
CHOMP!
HEH! HEH! I FEEL WARMER ALREADY— NOTHING LIKE WINTER WOOLLIES TO WARM YOU UP INSIDE!

OH, HECK! MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE ASKED PERCY FIRST!
AAGH! YOU LITTLE TWERP! THAT'S MY NEW VEST YOU'RE EATING—MUM WILL HAVE MY HIDE FOR THAT!

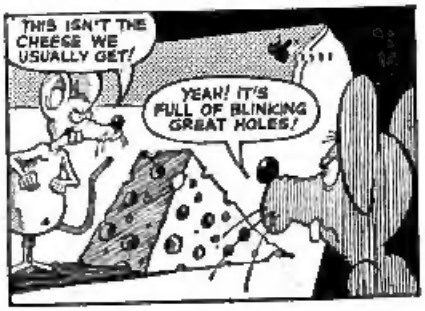
G-GULP! I'VE REALLY MADE PERCY MAD THIS TIME!
GRR! WHY DIDN'T YOU HAVE A CHEW AT ONE OF MY OLD SOCKS? THEY'RE FULL OF HOLES, ANYWAY!

? ?
ER—EXCUSE ME, SAMMY—MIND IF I HIDE IN YOUR CAKE-HOLE...
...PERCY'S AFTER MY BLOOD!

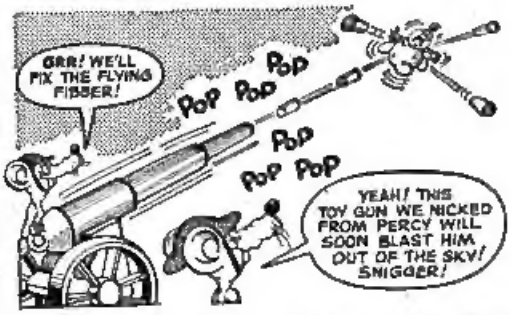
AAGH! STOP FLUTTERING YOUR WINGS, YOU TWERP, YOU'RE TICKLING ME! HA! HA! HEE! HEE! HO! HO!
G-GULP! DON'T TELL ME ONE OF THOSE EGGS SAMMY EATS HAS HATCHED OUT THIS TIME!

I'M NOT STAYING IN THERE TO BE BASHED ABOUT— NOW I KNOW WHAT A DICE IN A CUP FEELS LIKE!
GREAT FLESH-EATING FLEAS—IT WAS MARMADUKE MOTH!

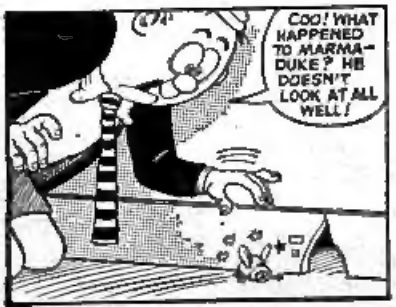
HEH! HEH! PERCY CAN'T FOLLOW ME IN HERE—I'LL BE SAFE NOW!


THIS ISN'T THE CHEESE WE USUALLY GET!
YEAH! IT'S FULL OF BLINKING GREAT HOLES!

THERE'S THE CULPRIT—MARMADUKE—HE'S ALWAYS EATING HOLES IN THINGS!
HELP! IT WASN'T ME, LADS! HONEST! THAT CHEESE IS MEANT TO BE THAT WAY!


GRR! WE'LL FIX THE FLYING FIBBER!
POP POP POP
POP
POP POP
YEAH! THIS TOY GUN WE NICKED FROM PERCY WILL SOON BLAST HIM OUT OF THE SKY! SNIGGER!

NOW HOP IT AND DON'T SHOW YOUR DIRTY FACE IN HERE AGAIN, MATE—
KICK!
AAGH! I'M INNOCENT! IT WASN'T ME! BURBLE! BURBLE!

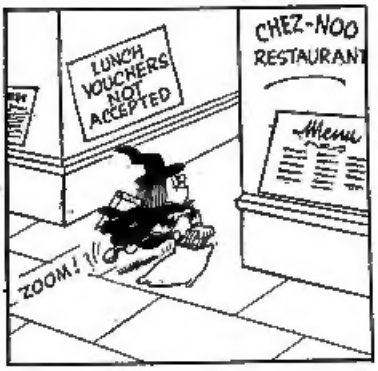

COO! WHAT HAPPENED TO MARMADUKE? HE DOESN'T LOOK AT ALL WELL!

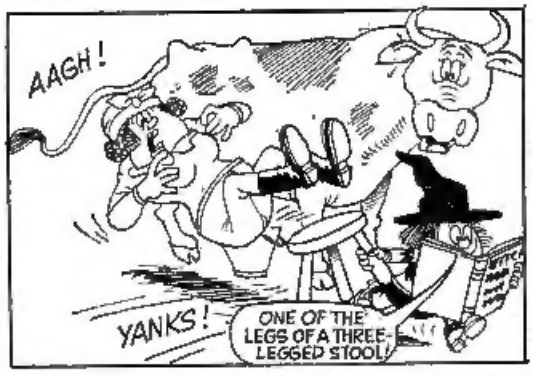
GOSH! THE LITTLE TWERP WOULD HAVE BEEN BETTER GETTING HIMSELF SWATTED BY ME—HE'S IN A BAD WAY!

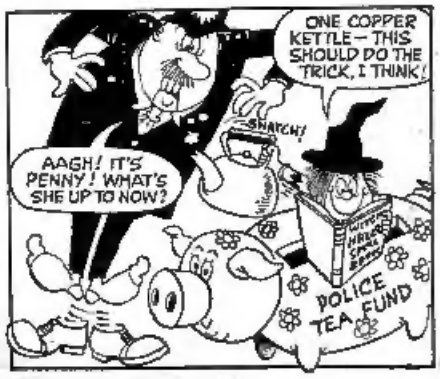
WELL, THAT'S THAT! MARMADUKE'S AS WARM AS TOAST NOW—HE WON'T NEED ANY MORE WINTER WOOLLIES!
BAH!

BAD PENNY

ONE PENNY 1968







COO! A SIZE 12 BOOT—I NEED ONE OF THOSE, TOO! THANKS, COPPER!
POLICE
WAA-AAH! STOP HER—DIAL 999!
ZOOM!
ONE MORE THING TO GET AND THAT'S ALL THE INGREDIENTS!
EEK!
GRAB!
SOOT
HMM! IT'S ONLY HALF A BAG I NEED, THOUGH!
SOOT
AAGH!
YOU CAN KEEP THAT HALF—I'LL HAVE THE HALF IN THE SACK! HEH! HEH!
FANNY CRADOCK'S GOT NOTHING ON ME!
SOOT
BUBBLE! BUBBLE! TOIL AND TROUBLE! I'LL HAVE YOU READY AT THE DOUBLE!
NOW TO GET SOME BOTTLES TO PUT IT IN—DAD'S SLIPPER WON'T HURT ME ANY MORE SOON!
AAGH! I'VE STOOD ON THE REST OF THE BULLS EYES!
SLIP!
WHEEE!
PLOP!
SORRY, EVERYONE, BUT WE'VE HAD IT—PENNY'S POTION SEEMS TO HAVE WORKED AFTER ALL!
SLIPPERING WON'T HURT HER—
HO! HO! HA! HA! HEE! HEE! THE POT'S STUCK TO HER AND SHE CAN'T GET IT OFF!
GRR! I DON'T THINK IT'S FUNNY!

MEET . . . Mister Knowall

He knows everything there is to know about everything—and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

Finger Fun . . .

How many fingers have you got? Ten? Right—then you are fully equipped to convince your mates you've only got NINE! How? Simple. . . .

Interlock your fingers and ask your mate to count them. He'll get ten, of course.

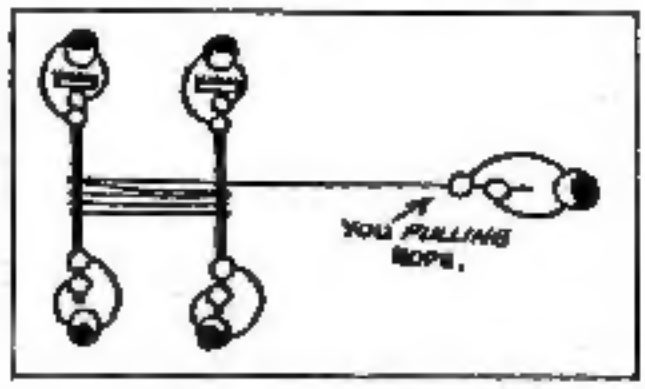
But now, take your hands apart—then lock them again. But this time keep the middle finger of one hand dangling loose below. Your mate won't notice it at all as he begins to count your fingers again—and this time find only NINE!

● Here's a fab trick to perform at any party. It's easy enough to do, but an absolute puzzler to watch if you don't know how it's done. It goes like this—you sit down on a chair, take a walking stick, put it between your open knees—and the stick stands up by itself! But you can do better than that. Start to hum a little tune, hitting your knees to keep time, and the stick will dance about in time too!

How? Before you show the trick, take a needle full of black thread and fix a length from one leg to the other. This will let you walk well enough because the loop will hang down and not get in the way at all. When you sit down and put your knees apart the thread becomes taut of course. The stick simply leans against it—but the thread won't be seen at all.

STRONGER THAN FOUR!

Remember our broomstick trick last week when I proved that you were stronger than any three of your mates? Well, here's a chance to prove yourself stronger than any FOUR of them. So grab two brooms—and get with it! Get them to hold the two brooms between them as in the drawing below. Now wind a rope round and round both poles a few times, and take the end of it some distance away. Tell your mates that you are going to move the brooms no matter how hard they try to stop you. Start pulling on the rope. And, sure enough no matter how strong the four lads are, the brooms will come together!



£1 for Knowalls

Perhaps you know a trick or something that's fun to make or do. If so, send it on a postcard to Mr. Knowall at the address below. If it's printed, you win £1. But, remember, it must be your own idea and not copied from somewhere else.

My favourite feature in SMASH is:

.....

The feature I don't like is:

.....

My age is: .....

To: Mr. Knowall, SMASH,
64 Long Acre, London, W.C.2

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MORE fabulous funnies!

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FOR A SUPER FREE FLYING SAUCER!

GET THE NEW POW!

ON SALE TODAY! 7d.

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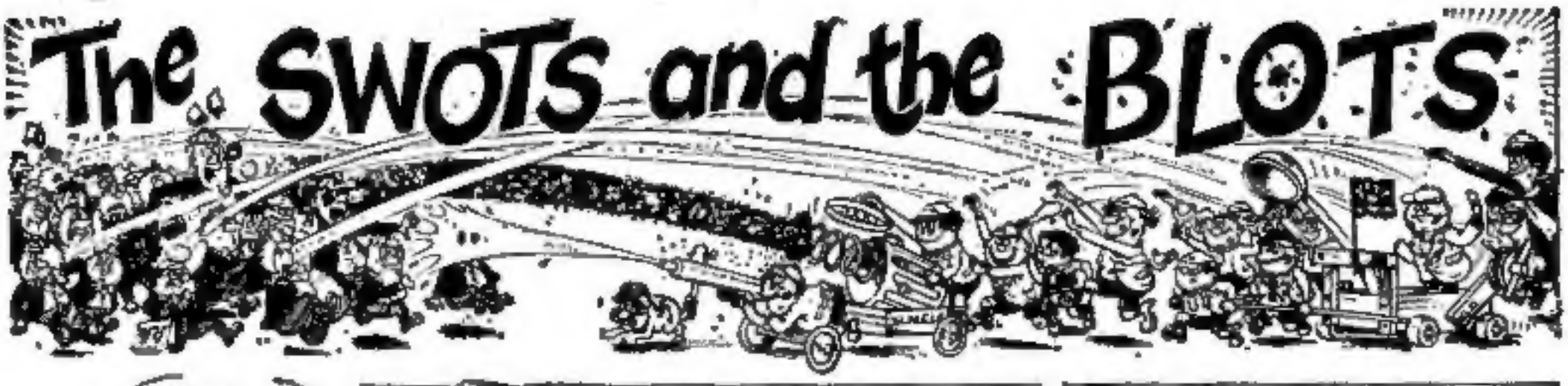
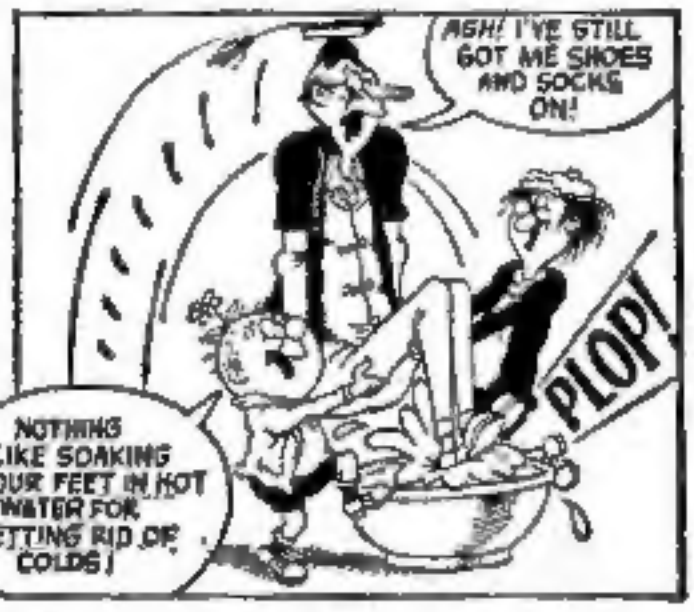
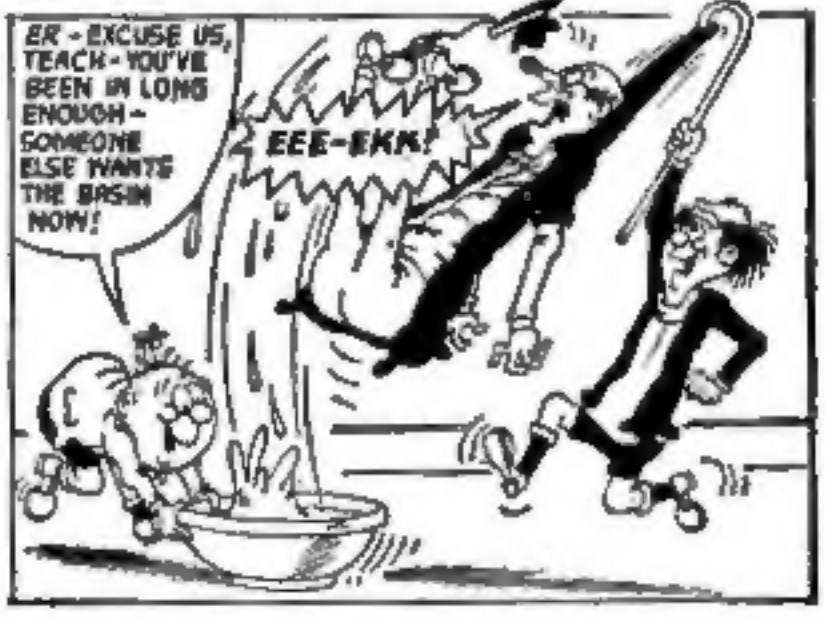
The SWOTS and the BLOTS







AIEEE!

TEACH HAS FOUND ONE OF THE DRAWING PINS WE LOST TAKING DOWN THE CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS!

AND TO THINK I COMPLAINED OF ONLY HAVING A COLD!

THROB!

THROB!

CHEER UP, TEACH - WE'RE EXPERTS AT PUNCTURES, TOO! WE'LL SOON HAVE YOU FIT AS A FIDDLE!

AGH! NO! NOT AGAIN - KEEP HIM AWAY!

PUNCTURE OUTFIT

WA-AAH! HELP! CALL OUT THE RED CROSS - I DON'T WANT TO BE CURED BY HIM!

IT'S FOR HIS OWN GOOD!

NOW THEN - ARE WE GOING TO BE A GOOD LITTLE BOY OR AREN'T WE?

LET'S SEE WHERE THE PUNCTURES ARE - WATCH FOR THE LITTLE BUBBLES RISING!

GRR! IT'S YOU THAT'S GOING TO RUSE - ON THE END OF MY BOOT!

KICK!

AGH! THIS NEVER HAPPENS WHEN I FIX MY BIKE TYRES!

GOSH! MILES AND MILES OF RUBBER PATCH - I THINK I'LL DO SOME REPAIRING MYSELF!

PUNCTURE OUTFIT

HELP! OUCH!

NO! NO!

HEH! HEH! SIR IS A DAB HAND AT REPAIRS!

BRAVO, SIR! ENCORE!

NOW THEN - SHALL WE BEGIN?

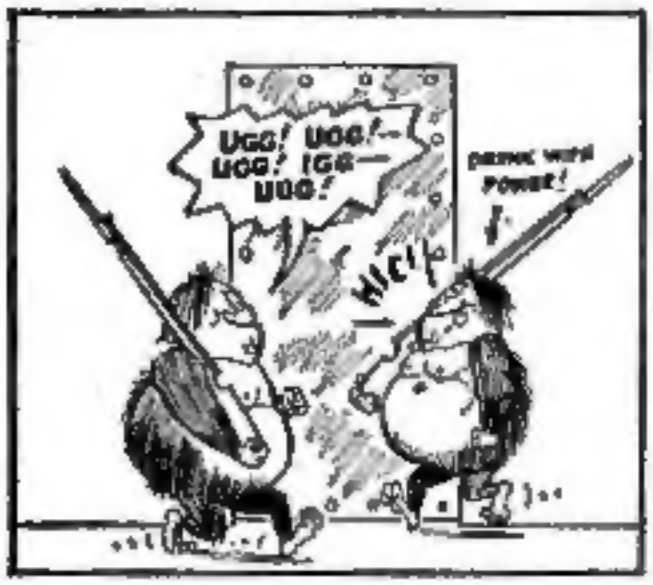
TEACH MENDED A FEW HOLES, TOO! THEIR CAKEHOLES! TEE! HEE!

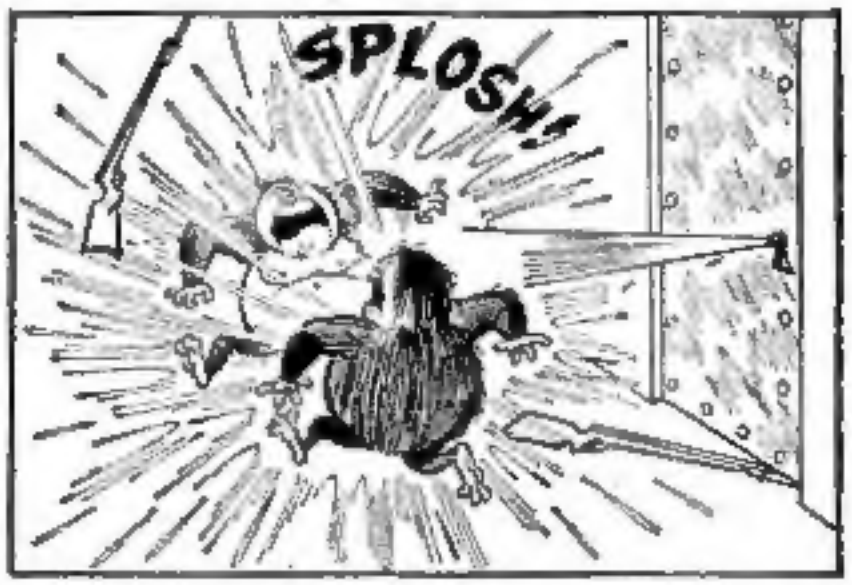
LOOKING VERY STUCK UP!

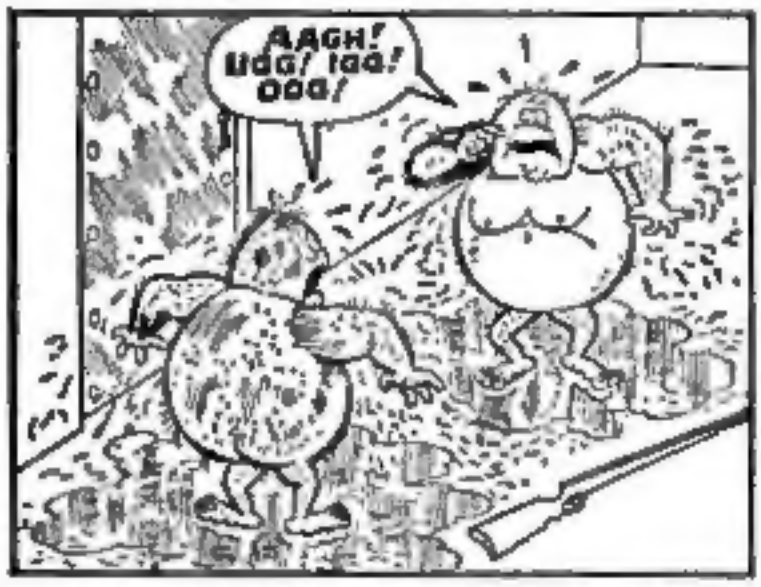
AND SIR MUST HAVE GOT SO HOT UNDER THE COLLAR, IT CURED HIS COLD!

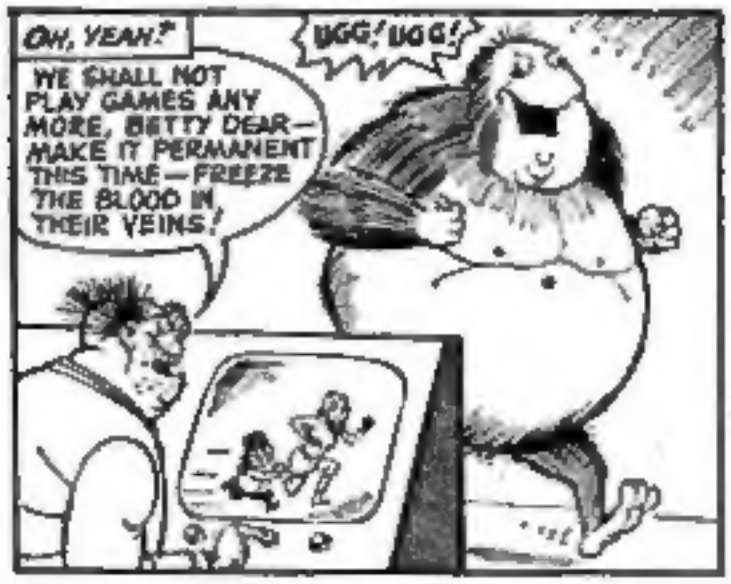
THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

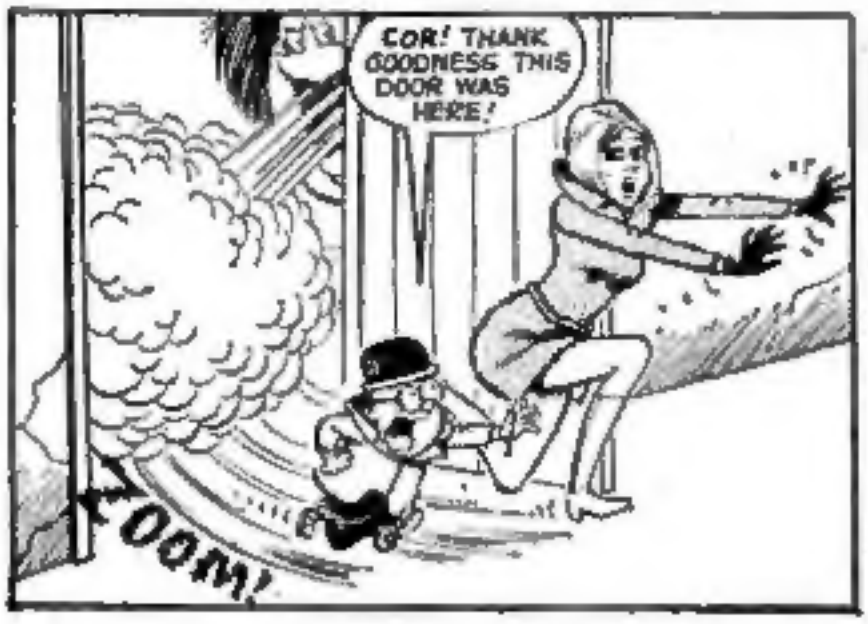
LARRY AND DIANA HAVE BEEN IMPRISONED BY DR. DIMWITTY AND BETTY THE YETI—AND TWO BABY YETIS ARE GUARDING THEM...





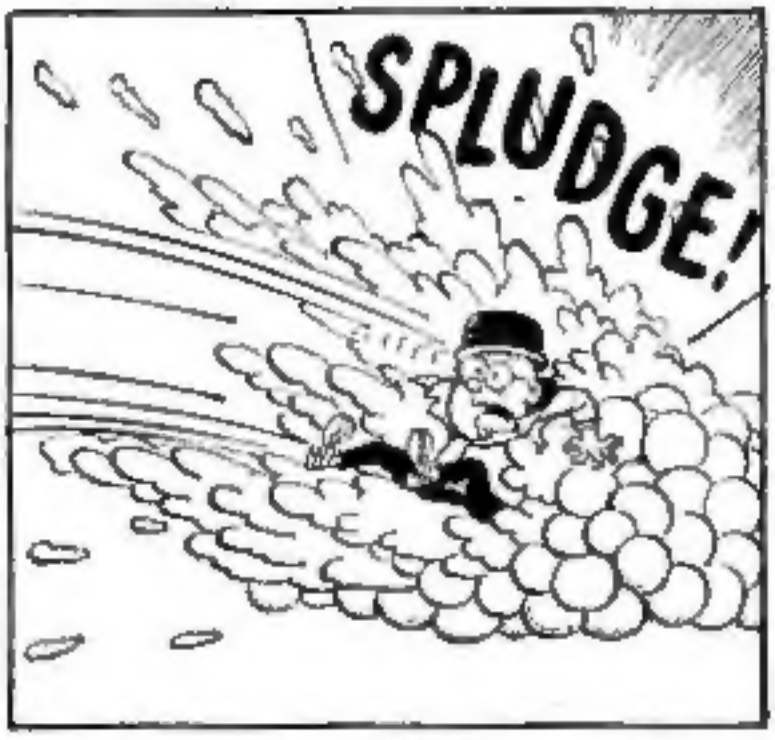






CRASH!
SMASH!
I DON'T BELIEVE IN HITTING WOMEN— BUT THERE HAS ALWAYS GOT TO BE A FIRST TIME!

AAGH! FOUL, REF—SHE KICKED ME!
THUMP!
YOU CAN'T EXPECT GIRLS TO FIGHT FAIR!


SPLUDGE!

AAGHEE! AAGHEE! UGG! UGG! UGG!
THAT'S YETISH FOR 'AAGHEE! THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN!'

NOW THERE'S A STROKE OF LUCK FOR YOU— YAH! COME BACK AND FIGHT, YOU BIG COWARD!
ZOOM!
DON'T PUSH YOUR LUCK, BOY!

WE'LL HAVE TO MOVE FAST DIANA— WE'LL SEND IN AN ATOMIC BOMBER TO BLOW THAT LOT UP BEFORE THEY CAN DO ANY DAMAGE!
PERSONALLY, I THINK YOU SHOULD HAVE A BATH FIRST!

TRUST WOMEN— THEY HATE BEING SEEN OUT WITH A SCRUFFY MAN!

BRR! THIS WATER'S GETTING BLINKING COLD!
SHIVER!
SHIVER!

AAGH! WHAT'S HAPPENING? IT'S FREEZING OVER!

UGG! UGG!
IGGY BIGGY!
AAGH! IT'S THE YOUNG YETIS—THEY'VE GOT ME!
YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN, CHUM! I'M OFF HOME!

MUMMY WILL BE PROUD OF US!
ADAM ADAMANT'S GOT NOTHING ON ME!
SHIVER!

I'M LOVELY AND WARM NOW—I WONDER HOW LARRY'S DOING?

BRR! I'M FROZEN STIFF!
WELL DONE, MY CHILDREN— YOU CAN HELP YOURSELF TO SOME CHOCOLATE SNOWBALLS WHILE I DEAL WITH THIS FOOL MYSELF!
SHIVER!
SHAKE!
THINGS ARE—ER—HOTTING UP! CAN LARRY ESCAPE THIS TIME? WHO CARES?!! MAYBE WE'LL GIVE YOU A WHOLE TWO PAGES OF DIANA NEXT WEEK—SHE'S BETTER TO LOOK AT, ANYWAY!

SMASH - CHAT

WRITE TO:-
ALF AND COS,
SMASH,
64 LONG ACRE,
LONDON, W.C. 2.

MAKE YOUR POCKET-MONEY 'S-T-R-E-T-C-H' FURTHER!

IF YOUR LETTER IS PRINTED—YOU WIN £1!

Dear Alf and Cos,
I was trying to get to sleep last night, when I was attacked by Bart's sock. I quickly knocked it downstairs, then rushed down after it and started to feed it on some paper. BUT—it started eating my SMASHes! Please send me a pound to pay for damages. Must go now—it's starting to eat my TERRIFICS!
Jonathan Andrews,
Norwich, Norfolk.

Only ONE sock, Jonathan? You were lucky—they usually work in pairs. Come to think of it, we haven't been hearing much about Bart's socks in SMASH—although TERRIFIC readers are, of course, well acquainted with them. It seems that Bart's kipper wrappers have got a will of their own, and wander off as the mood takes them! So, SMASHers, don't say you haven't been warned! BEWARE OF BART'S SOCKS!!!
Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
Would you please get rid of that silly Batman—or at least take it off the front page. My little sister saw Batgirl in a recent edition and said, "He needs a haircut." Mind you, she is only three.
Colin Price,
Hemel Hempstead.

Holy Mistaken Identity!
Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
This is my first letter and I hope I win a nice, crispy, new quid. I think you ought to have more funnies and a good war story in SMASH, to make it even better. I do not agree with Gareth Roberts (SMASH 96), who said you should put the Silver Surfer in. I think you should keep him out.
Adrian Titlow,
Bungay, Suffolk.

One "Silver Surfer" vote for and one against. What do the rest of you frantic ones think? Anyway, watch SMASH for the biggest laughs and thrills on the 1968 comics scene. 'Nuff said for now.
Alf and Cos.

FROM HELEN CLINT, ROCHFORD, ESSEX.

DON'T KEEP US IN THE DARK!

When you write to us, fill in the coupon below and enclose it with your letter. Then we can be sure that we are filling our paper with the features you like best!

My favourite feature is: _____

The feature I dislike is: _____

To: Smash, 64 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

This famous old
PENNY RED
plus 150 Stamps
all FREE!

Catalogue value of this genuine unsorted 'dealer's mixture' is over 30s., yet we will send it—and the "PENNY RED"—absolutely FREE to all who ask to see our latest approvals. (No need to buy any) Please tell your parents. Send 4d. postage to
PHILATELIC SERVICES (Dept. S.H.13), Eastrington, Goole, Yorks.

Wonderful packet of 100 assorted New Zealand stamps, all unsorted and on pieces of original envelope, as imported direct from New Zealand missions. The mixture contains old stamps, new stamps, obsolete issues, unusual and elusive items, pictorials and commemoratives including the beautiful Christmas Paintings and Health stamps. (Total Catalogue Value is guaranteed to exceed £1) Sent ABSOLUTELY FREE to all who ask to see our superb approvals (Enclose 4d. stamp for postage and please tell your parents)
UNIVERSAL STAMP COMPANY (Dept. S.H.42), Eastrington, Goole, Yorks.

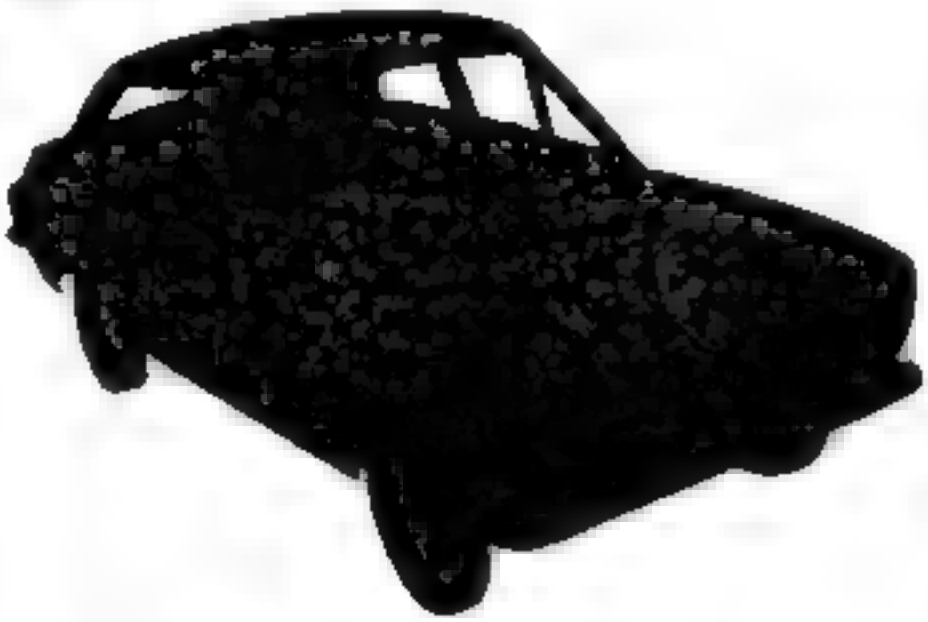
SSSSHHHH!
IT'S A SECRET!

But if you promise not to tell anyone, we'll let you in on it!

IN NEXT WEEK'S EAGLE

there's a mystery gift. At the moment it's on the official secrets list, but we got an advance tip-off and managed to get a photograph of it.

this is it . . .



IT'S FREE IN NEXT WEEK'S EAGLE!

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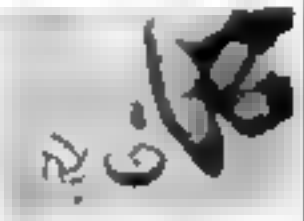
The Replica of Association Football

Here is a game where victory or defeat depends upon the skill of the player with Superb control COMPLETE with goals, balls etc and teams available in all League Club colours. Played with 22 miniature men. All the thrills of real League Cup and International Football dribbling, corner and penalty kicks, offside goal saves, etc
PRICES 19/9, 19/11, 49/11

NEW SUBBUTEO CONTINENTAL



editions with 60 Scale Teams hand-painted in the League colours on distinctive coloured bases etc

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FLOODLIGHTING 39/11
CLUB 39/11 DISPLAY 39/11

Please ask at your local Sports or Toyshop or Department Store. In case of difficulty write for literature and list of stockists to
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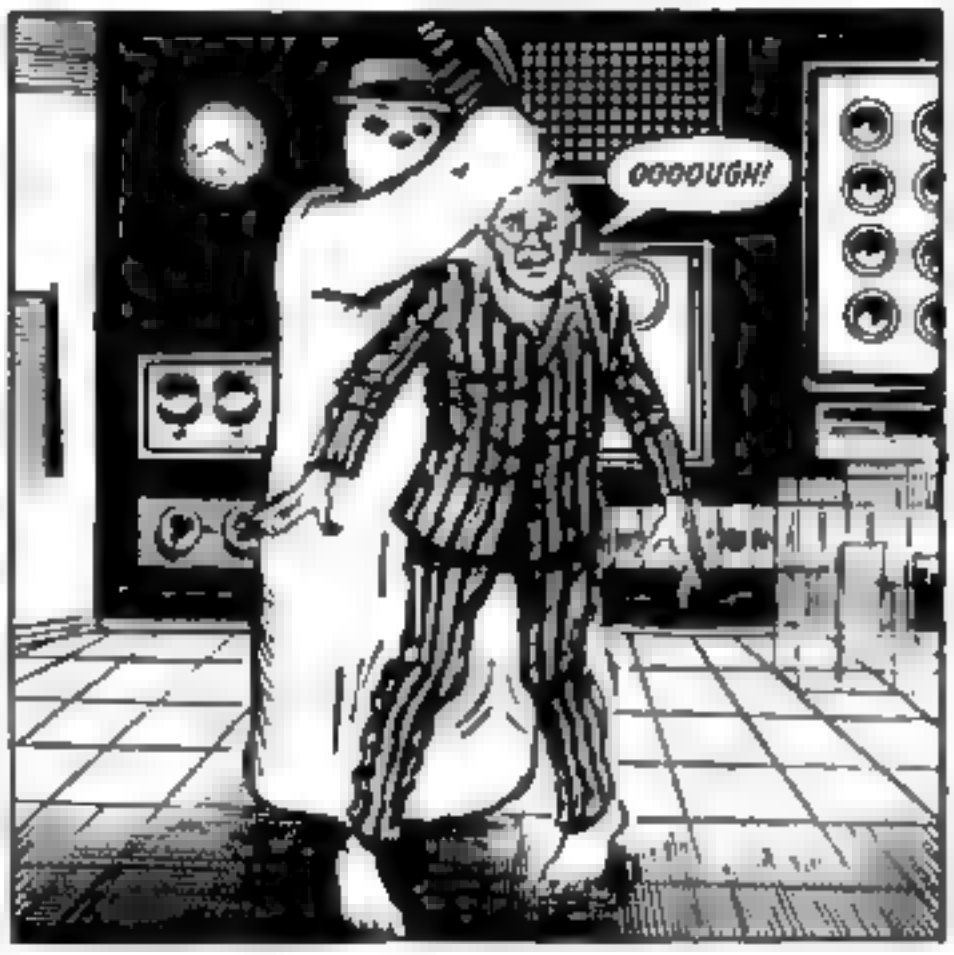
(DEPT 69) LANGTON GREEN, TUNBRIDGE WELLS, KENT

BRIAN'S BRAIN



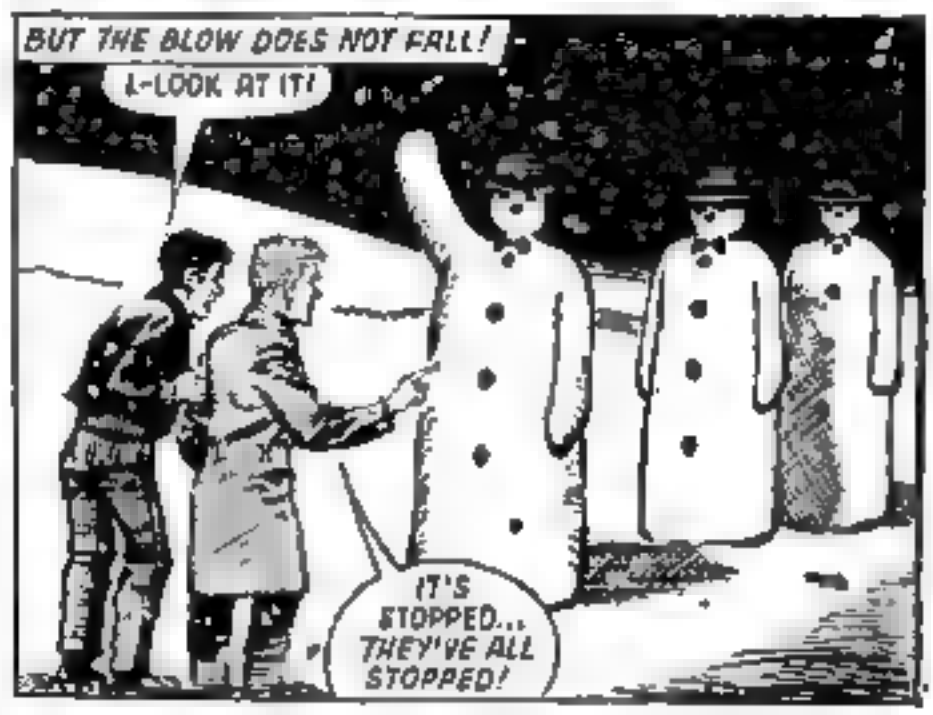
THEN,
LOOK SNOBOTS!

THEY'VE SEEN US!
THEY'RE COMING THIS WAY... WHAT SHALL WE DO, BRAIN?

BRAIN. . WHAT SHALL WE DO? ANSWER US, BRAIN! PLEASE!
THERE MUST BE SOMETHING WRONG WITH IT!

OOOH! WHAT A TIME FOR IT TO GO WRONG... JUST WHEN THOSE AWFUL SNOBOTS...

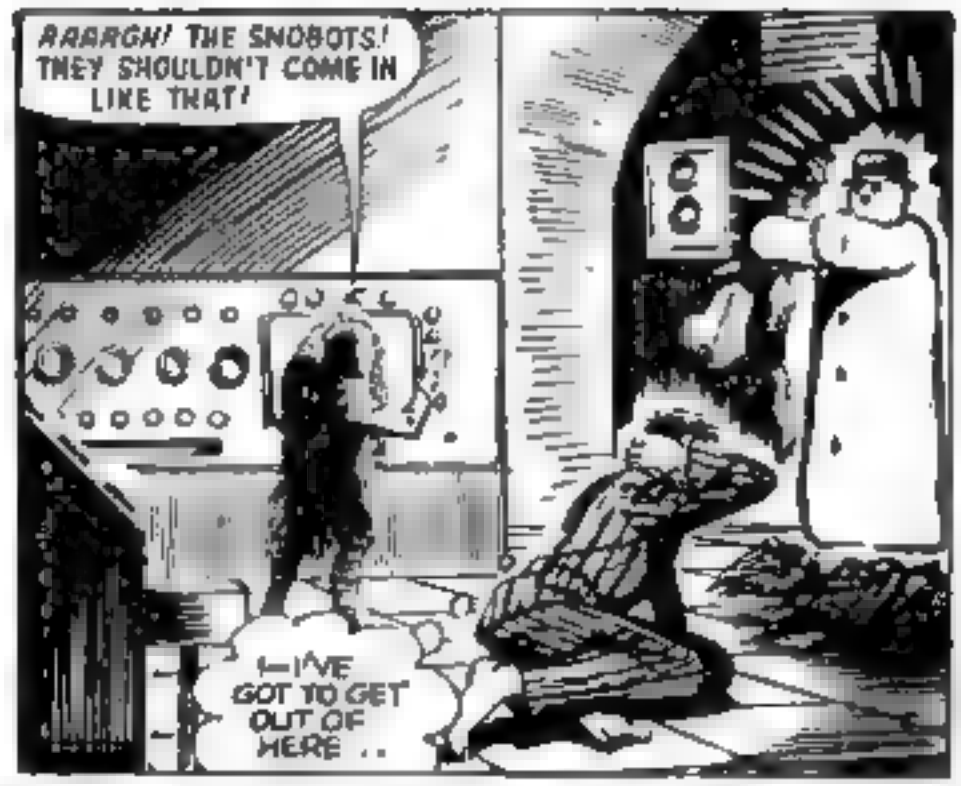
THE SINISTER ROBOT RAISES AN ARM TO STRIKE . .
AAAH!

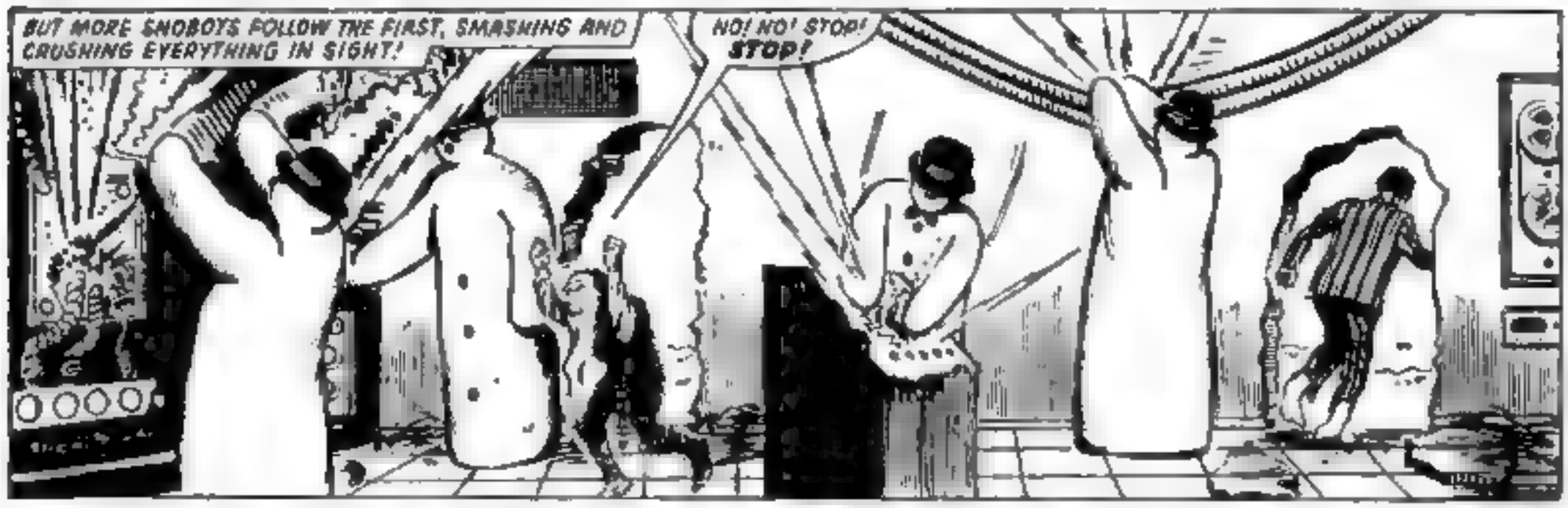

BUT THE BLOW DOES NOT FALL!
L-LOOK AT IT!
IT'S STOPPED... THEY'VE ALL STOPPED!

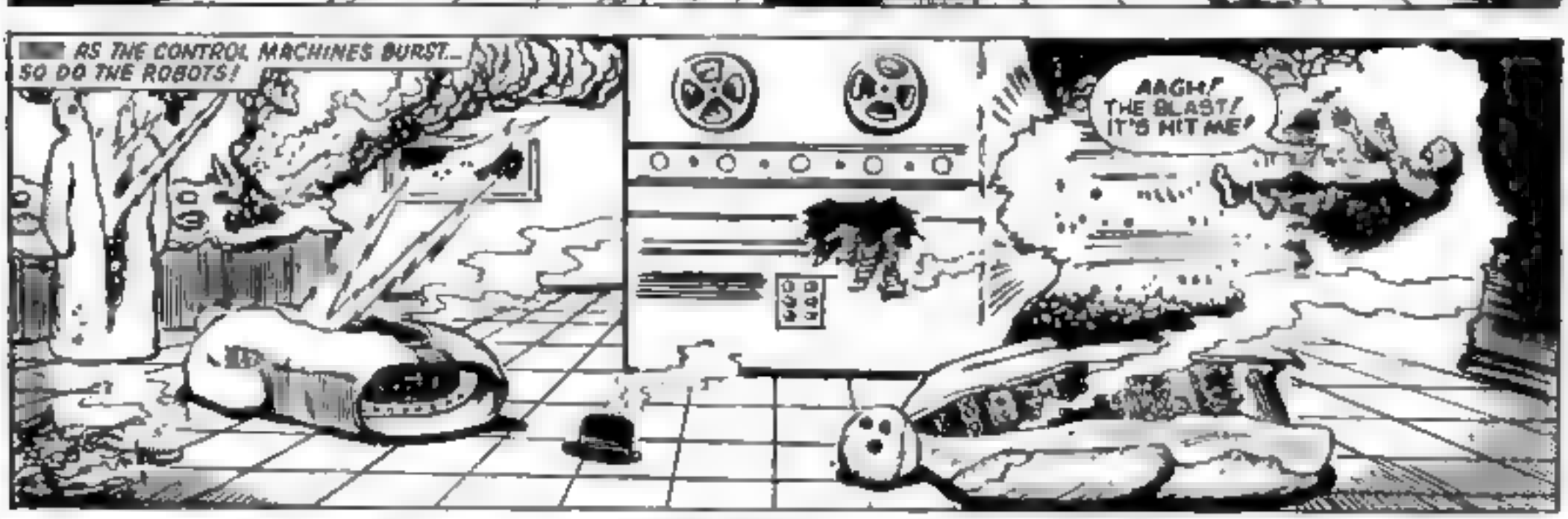
THE BOYS STARE IN AMAZEMENT AS THE WEIRD WHITE SNOW MACHINES TURN AROUND. .
WHAT'S HAPPENED? WHERE ARE THEY GOING NOW?
LET'S FOLLOW THEM AND FIND OUT... GIVE ME A HAND WITH THE BRAIN!

THEY SEEM TO BE HEADING FOR THAT MOUND!
PERHAPS IT IS THEIR BASE!

INSIDE THOSE WHITE WALLS, FROST MAKES FRANTIC ADJUSTMENTS TO HIS CONTROLS
AAARGH! WHAT'S HAPPENING OUT THERE? THE SNOWMEN NO LONGER OBEY ME!

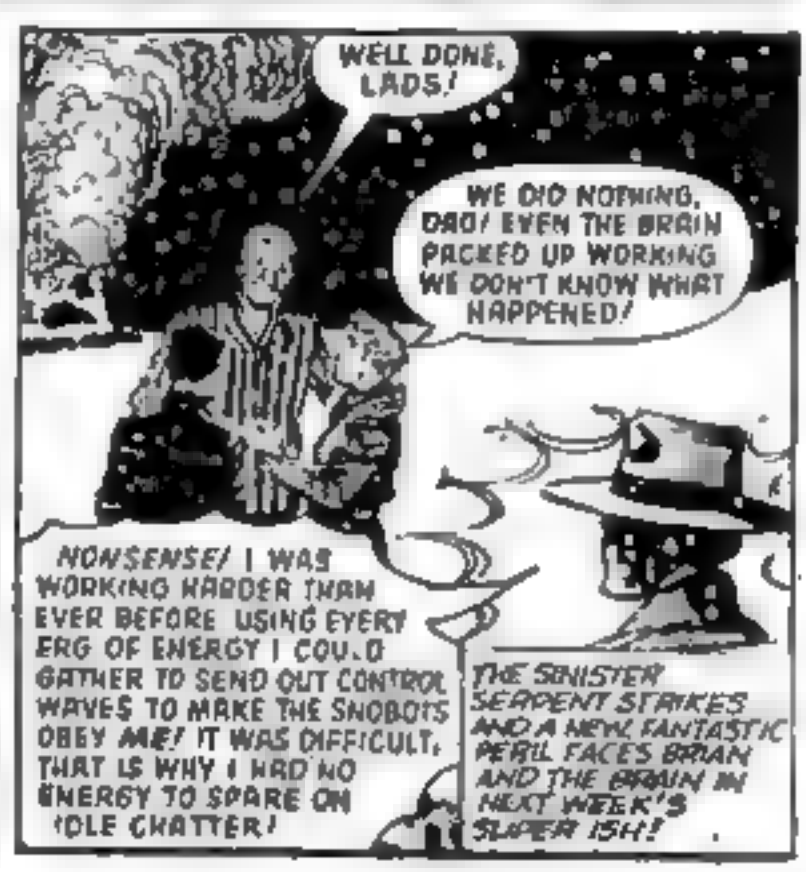

AAARGH! THE SNOBOTS! THEY SHOULDN'T COME IN LIKE THAT!
I—I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE ..


BUT MORE SNOBOTS FOLLOW THE FIRST, SMASHING AND CRUSHING EVERYTHING IN SIGHT!
NO! NO! STOP! STOP!


AS THE CONTROL MACHINES BURST... SO DO THE ROBOTS!
AAGH! THE BLAST! IT'S HIT ME!

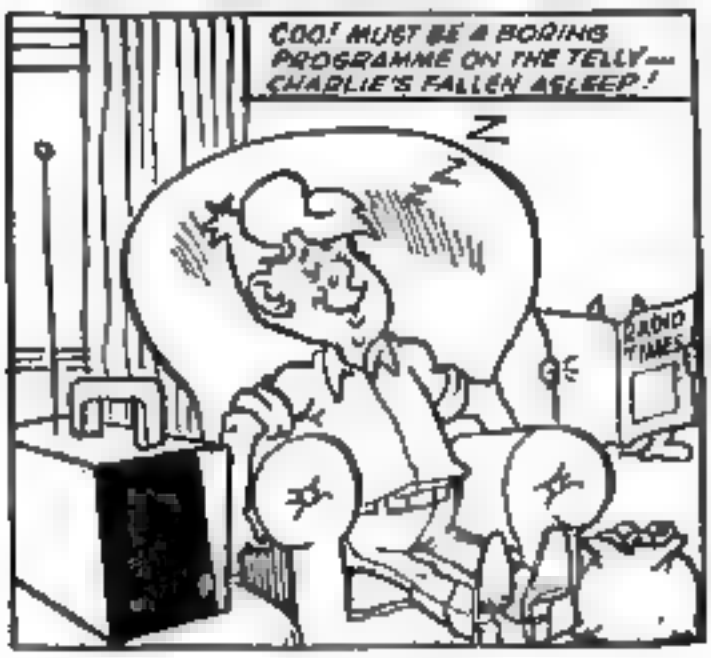
WHO'S THAT LITTLE MAN RUNNING AWAY ACROSS THE FROZEN LAKE?
DAD— YOU'RE SAFE!

BUT TINY THOUGH HE IS, THE ICE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE LAKE CANNOT SUPPORT THE BURDEN OF JACK FROST!
ARRARGH!


WELL DONE, LADS!
WE DID NOTHING, DAD! EVEN THE BRAIN PACKED UP WORKING WE DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED!
NONSENSE! I WAS WORKING HARDER THAN EVER BEFORE USING EVERY ERG OF ENERGY I COULD GATHER TO SEND OUT CONTROL WAVES TO MAKE THE SNOBOTS OBEY ME! IT WAS DIFFICULT, THAT IS WHY I HAD NO ENERGY TO SPARE ON IDLE CHATTER!
THE SINISTER SERPENT STRIKES AND A NEW, FANTASTIC PERIL FACES BRIAN AND THE BRAIN IN NEXT WEEK'S SUPER ISH!

Charlie's Choice

THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE



ACTUALLY, KING CHARLES WASN'T THE FIRST KING TO HIDE IN AN OAK TREE – IT WAS ME!

HELP! A BLOOMING GREAT SNIFFING DANE!

SNIFF! SNIFF! MAY I BORROW YOUR HANKY?

HEY! HEY! I'M FREE AGAIN – ALL IT WANTED WAS MY HANKY!
SNIFF! SNIFF!
GET AFTER HIM, YOU CLOT!

I SAY! LET ME HAVE A LOOK AT THAT, MY GOOD DOG!

BY JINGO! THIS HAS GOT KING ALFRED'S ROYAL CREST ON IT– IT MUST BE VERY RARE! I'LL GIVE YOU A GUINEA FOR IT!
A G-G-GUINEA!–

MY– WHAT A SPLENDID CRAFT! I'LL SOON BE SAFE FROM PURSUIT!

YAHOO! ALFIE!! ALL IS FORGIVEN!

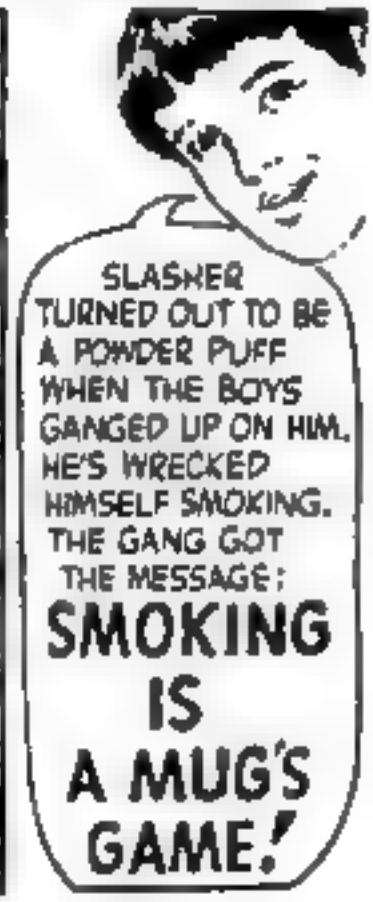
HUH! JUST WHEN I WAS BEGINNING TO ENJOY MYSELF!

I GOT A GUINEA FOR YOUR HANKY – HALF OF IT IS YOURS!
NOT AT ALL, LAD – I ATE ALL YOUR SWEETS!

I HAVE BEEN WELL REWARDED – YOU WILL SEE HOW IN A MINUTE!

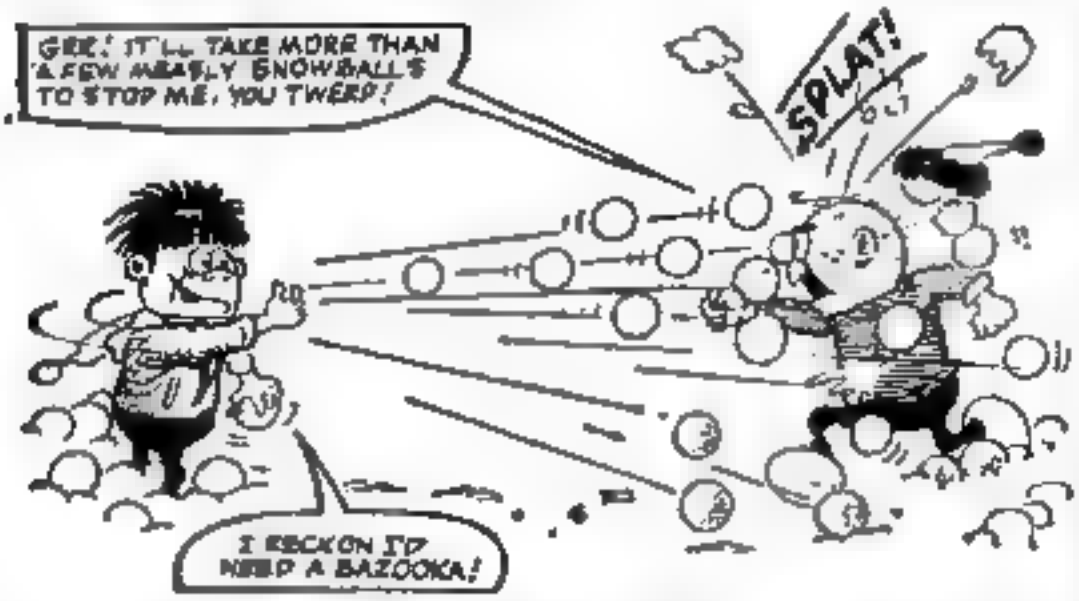
OUR BOATING POND GAVE OLD ALF AN IDEA – NOW HE'S TOO BUSY BUILDING ENGLAND'S FIRST NAVY TO BOTHER ABOUT SWEETS!

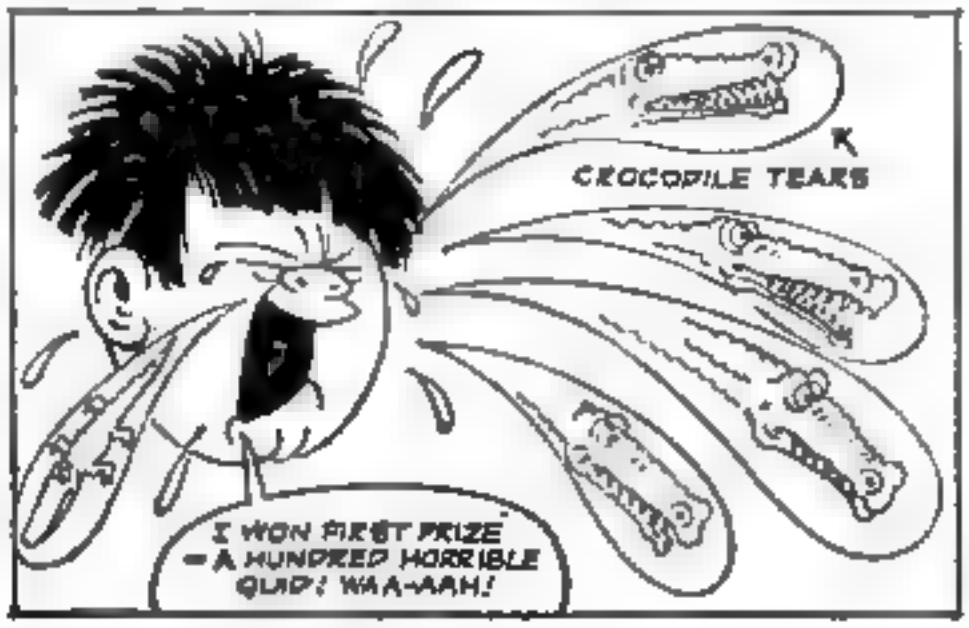
The Gang gets the message



HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—IF HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

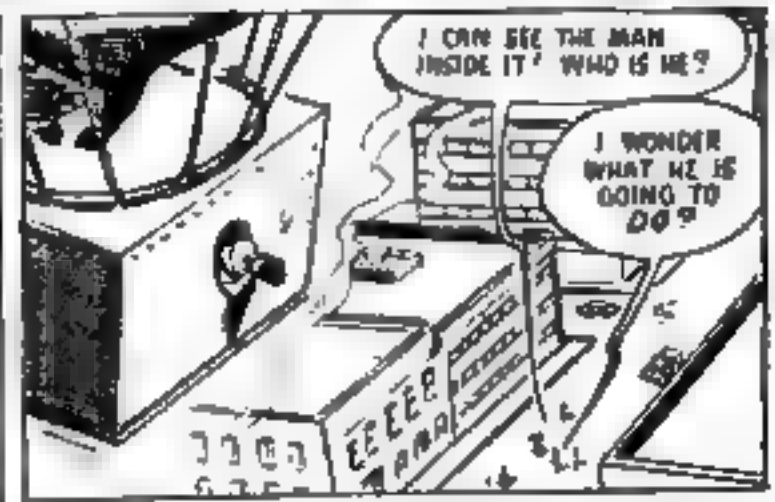
RONNIE RICH



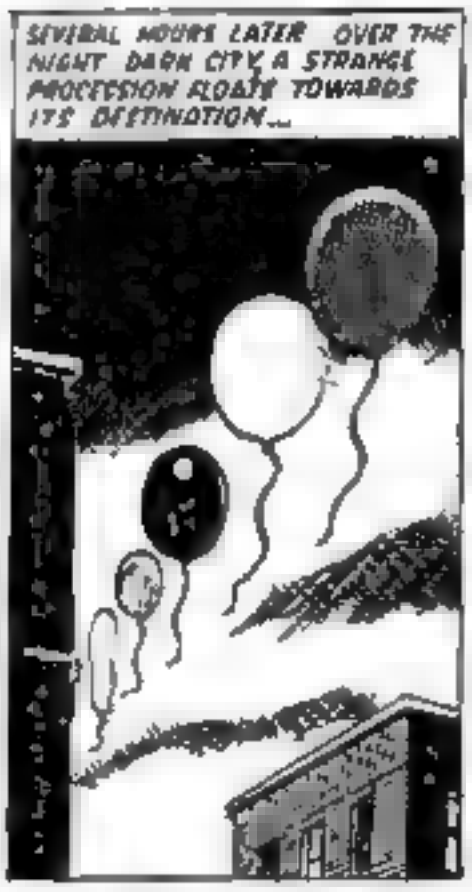


IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

BEGINS TODAY— A STARTLING NEW EPISODE IN THE FANTASTIC LIFE OF THE WORLD'S STRANGEST HERO!



OH YES THE REST WILL BE SO EASY! ALL I NEED DO IS PREPARE... HEE-HEE... MY THIEVES FOR TONIGHT'S OPERATION!


SEVERAL HOURS LATER OVER THE NIGHT DARK CITY, A STRANGE PROCESSION FLOATS TOWARDS ITS DESTINATION...

THEN THE FIRST BALLOON EXPLODES AGAINST A BARRED AND BULLET-PROOF WINDOW
BOOM!
WHAT? BALLOONS! THEY'RE FLOATING IN!

FROM THE SECOND BALLOON LASER BEAMS LANCE
IT... IT'S CUTTING THROUGH THE BARS! IT'S AFTER THE JEWELS!

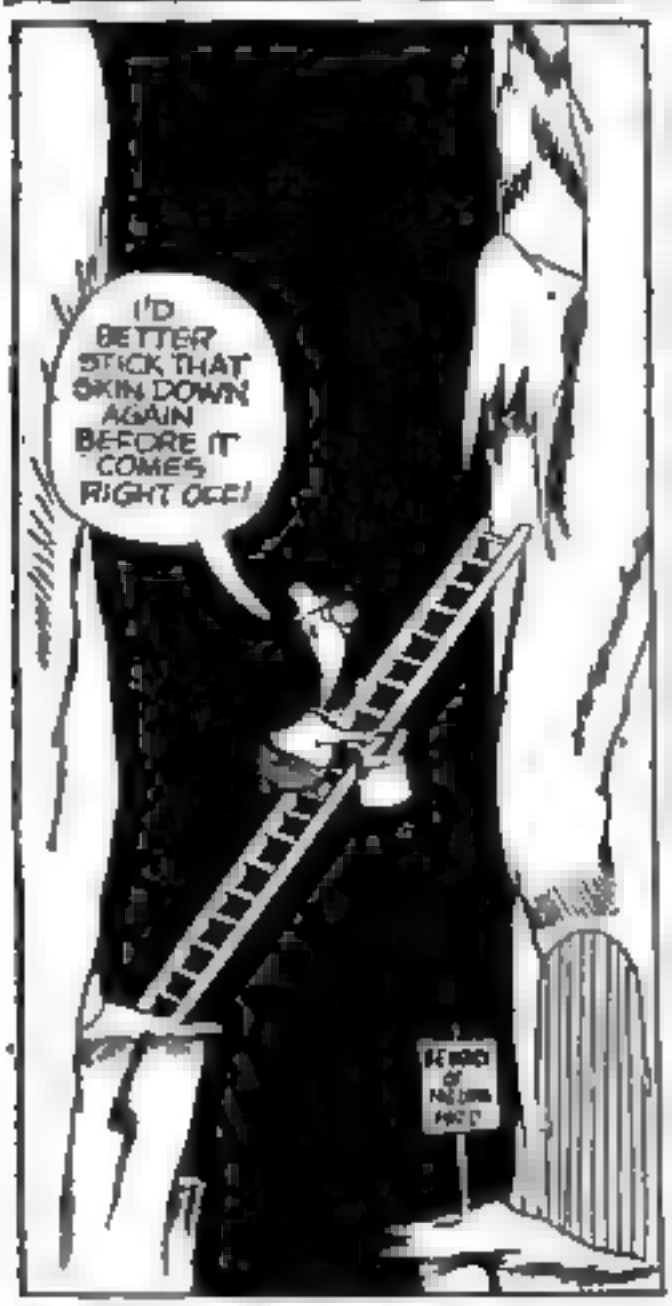
BUT BEFORE HE CAN STRIKE THE LASER BALLOON
HELP! HELP OUT THERE! I'M BEING... WUUNNNH!
I FORGOT! THE GUARDS OUTSIDE CAN'T GET IN!

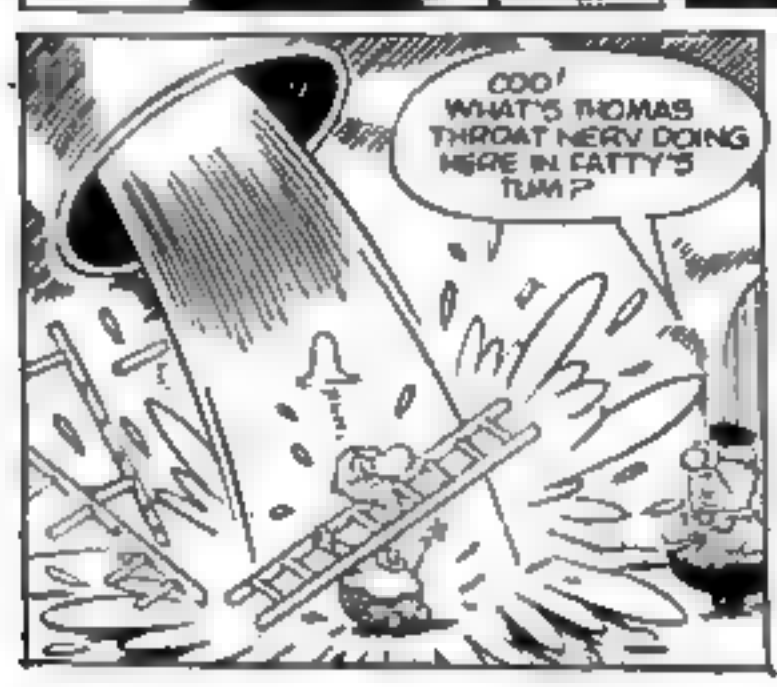
EVEN AS HE STRUGGLES AGAINST THE SMOTHERING, LENGTHENING BALLOON...
IT'S GATHERING UP THE CASKETS! IT MUST BE MAGNETIC!
AND I CAN'T GET... FREE... FROM THIS THING!

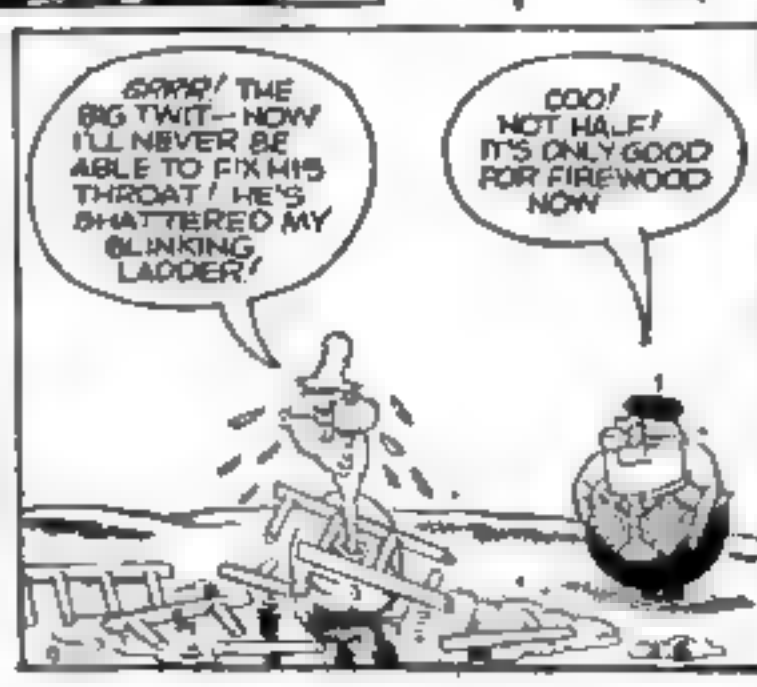
NOT FAR AWAY...
IT SUCCEEDS! THE CASKETS ARE ON THEIR WAY TO ME!
BUT NOW I WILL DIRECT IN A BALLOON TO FINISH OFF THAT POOR FELLOW... ANOTHER OF MY EXPLOSIVE BALLOONS!

IT'S RED! THE SAME COLOUR AS THE ONE I SAW HIT THE WINDOW... JUST BEFORE IT EXPLODED!
IT MUST HAVE BEEN SENT TO BLOW ME UP!
TRAPPED AND HELPLESS IN THE GRIP OF AN EVER-GROWING, UNBREAKABLE BALLOON—HOW CAN EVEN THE MAN OF RUBBER SURVIVE THE PERIL THAT FLOATS TOWARDS HIM?!! THAT'S THE QUESTION WE LEAVE YOU WITH TILL NEXT ISSUE!

THE NERVS







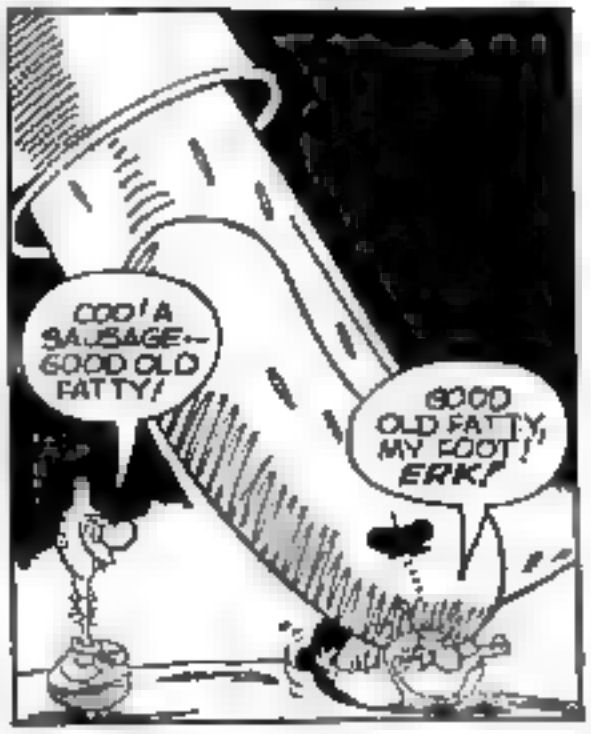
ON TO THE NEXT PAGE, DEAR READERS

THAT STUFF DIDN'T DO MUCH GOOD— MY THROAT IS JUST AS SORE AS EVER!

HMM GRUB! LOVELY, LOVELY GRUB!
SOSSY. SMELLS!

M'MM! BANGERS! MY FAVOURITE NOSH!
HOP IT! THEY'RE NOT FOR YOU— IF YOU EAT ANYTHING YOU WILL ONLY MAKE YOUR THROAT WORSE!

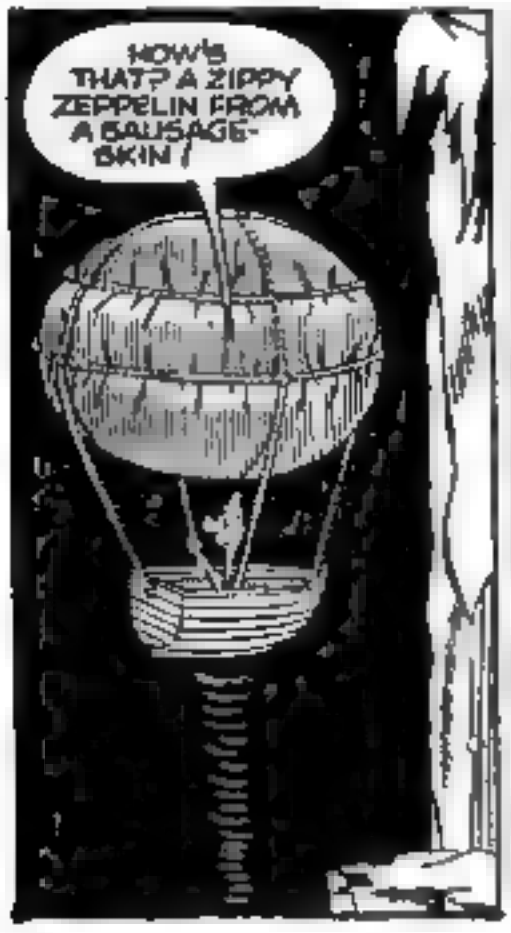
GRR! THE FAT CLOT WON'T LISTEN! WELL, HE CAN'T BLAME ME WHEN HIS THROAT GETS WORSE!
SLURP!


COO! A SAUSAGE— GOOD OLD FATTY!
GOOD OLD FATTY, MY FOOT! ERK!

THANK GOODNESS IT'S NOT A SKINLESS SAUSAGE!
WHAT'S HE GOING TO DO WITH THAT?

PUMP! PUMP! PUMP!
MIND IF I BORROW THE STOMACH PUMP?
BALLOONS? CHRISTMAS WAS OVER WEEKS AGO!

HELP! HE'S PINCHED A BOAT FROM THE BLOOD STREAM. NOW WHAT IS HE UP TO!?
ZOOM!


HOW'S THAT? A ZIPPY ZEPPELIN FROM A SAUSAGE-SKIN!

HEH! HEH! THIS IS BETTER THAN MY LADDER— SOON HAVE FATTY'S THROAT FIXED NOW!

MUM! MUM! MY THROAT'S FINE NOW! IT'S CURED! IT MUST HAVE BEEN THAT SAUSAGE!
SAUSAGE? IMPOSSIBLE!

POOR OLD MUM! SHE DOESN'T REALISE THERE ARE BRILLIANT CHAPS LIKE ME INSIDE OLD FATTY— SHE'LL NEVER LEARN!

news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE
LONDON W.C.2.

MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE . . .

Ann McFarlane, Fife, Scotland; Alan Dean, Melton Mowbray; Stephen Sinclair, Malvern Wells, Worcs., Robin Dixon, Thakeham, Sussex; Eileen Lynam, Dublin, Ireland; Kelvin Brown, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex, Christopher Evans, Worsley, Lancs. Shaun Pickles, Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancs.; Stephen Brierly, Oldham, Lancs., Lesley Masters, Eltham, London, Gaynor Oates, Merthyr Tydfil, Glamorgan Nigel Feathers-stone, Hillingdon, Middlesex; Alan Booth, Wakefield, Yorks., Robert Thurgood, Shenfield, Essex; Bobby Knight, Brighton, Sussex; Sharon Courtney, Herne Hill, S.E 24; Betty Saunders, Leighton Buzzard, Beds., Christina French, Stratford, London, E.15; David Kimber, Sittingbourne, Kent; Glenys Taylor, Nottingham.

WELL, it's HERE! The big day! The day of the big new POW! Naturally, by now you will have rapturised through the pages of this GREAT Powerhouse double-act paper! (we KNOW you have, 'cos we know you're too smart to have taken the chance on it selling out). So, what do you think? Don't you agree with us that THE FANTASTIC FOUR and our SPIDEY boy are the perfect super-hero combination? Don't you think, as we do, that JANUS, THE MAN WITH TWO FACES could well stack up to become just about a classic of its type? And how about that stroke of mad genius someone up here had . . . the inspired idea of mixing Dolls and Tiddlers to make two fiendish funnies into ONE even funnier funny?!! Perhaps you're getting the idea we're DARNED PROUD of our new WHAM-anised POW! Well, if so, you're right! And we're specially proud of our anguished Art Ed, JOLLY J. J. JACKSON, whose been burning the midnight candles designing this week's free Flying Saucer! Tell you something more! . . . he's made an even better job of next week's gift given FREE with the second issue of the New POW! We know you'll be thrilled with his fabulous full-colour STICK-ON TATTOOS!! No doubt about it, when you get next week's new POW! (and our advice is put in an order for it right now) you'll vote these free tattoos JUST WHAT YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED . . . so you can show the world that you are a proud, fully-paid-up member of THE BROTHERHOOD OF POWER!

Still on the subject of the new POW! . . . (is there anything else more important to talk about?) . . . you will already have taken the first steps with DR. MORG in his second EXPERIMENT X. Well, whether this new quest into the dangerous unknown succeeds or not . . . there's no doubt at all about the success of EXPERIMENT X with you readers out there. Letters praising our delectable Doc and his carry-ons grow more numerous with every mail delivery. In fact we're getting the notion that you Frantic ones LIKE to be scared! Are we right?

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Please tell your parents you are answering this advertisement.

DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

"A TIME TO UNMASK!"

LAST TIME WE SAW FOGGY NELSON RUNNING FOR THE OFFICE OF DISTRICT ATTORNEY WITH THE REFORM PARTY! BUT FOGGY DOESN'T SUSPECT THAT ONE OF THE MEMBERS OF THE REFORM PARTY IS REALLY THE EVIL ORGANIZER, KINGPIN OF CRIME!

MEANWHILE THE FEARLESS DAREDEVIL LEARNS THAT DEBBIE HARRIS, FOGGY'S COLLEGE DAYS GIRL FRIEND, IS ACTUALLY IN CAHOOTS WITH THE ORGANIZER'S MOB! DAREDEVIL'S TASK NOW IS TO UNMASK THE MYSTERIOUS ORGANIZER! AND WHO BETTER TO LEAD HIM TO HIS PREY THAN DEBORAH HERSELF...

A FEW SECONDS LATER, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR GARBS HIMSELF IN THE NOW-UNCONSCIOUS FROG-MAN'S COSTUME, TAKING CARE NOT TO DISTURB THE DELICATE WIRING OF THE BUILT-IN TV COMMUNICATOR SYSTEM...

ORGANIZER TO FROG MAN! REPORT! WHAT HAS HAPPENED? DO YOU READ ME FROG MAN?

LOUD AND CLEAR, MISTER! BUT I'LL KEEP YOU WONDERING A WHILE LONGER!

NOW THAT FROGGY IS DRESSED IN MY OWN DAREDEVIL SUIT, I'LL DROP HIM OFF AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS BEFORE HE GETS GRAVY STAINS ON IT!

WISH I COULD SEE HOW HE LOOKS IN MY COSTUME! I'LL BET HE'S A LIVING DOLL!

HOLY COW! IT'S DAREDEVIL, CHARLIE! WITH A NOTE PINNED TO HIM! WHAT'S IT SAY?

"TAKE GOOD CARE OF MY DUDS! THIS GUY ONLY BORROWED THEM! TO LEARN THE TRUTH ABOUT THE ORGANIZER, TUNE IN TO THIS WAVELENGTH."

THEN THERE'S A SPECIAL WAVE-LENGTH WRITTEN DOWN! QUICK! GET THE CAPTAIN!

SECONDS LATER, THE ORGANIZER FINALLY HEARS FROM FROG MAN... OR SO HE THINKS!

HOW ABOUT THAT, BOSS?! I BEAT DAREDEVIL... SINGLE-HANDED! I'VE GOT MY TV SCANNER ON HIM SO YOU CAN SEE FOR YOURSELF!

WELL DONE! BUT WHAT ABOUT YOUR MAIN MISSION? DID YOU ATTEND TO THE MAYOR?

BLAST IT! HE BROKE OFF VOICE COMMUNICATION TOO SOON!

MINUTES LATER, RETURNING TO THE ORGANIZATION'S HEADQUARTERS AGAIN, THE BOGUS FROG MAN CAUTIOUSLY CONTACTS THE POLICE ON A DIFFERENT FREQUENCY...

BUT DON'T MOVE IN YET! STAY TUNED TO THE FREQUENCY I GAVE YOU, AND YOU'LL LEARN EVERYTHING YOU WANT TO KNOW! OVER AND OUT!

DAREDEVIL TO POLICE! THIS IS LOCATION OF ORGANIZER'S HEAD-QUARTERS! IN CASE MY LUCK RUNS OUT, YOU'LL KNOW WHERE TO PICK HIM UP!

NOW, THERE'LL BE A SHORT PAUSE FOR STATION IDENTIFICATION AS I GO TO MEET THE ORGANIZER... FACE-TO-FACE!

WITH HIS SUPER-SENSITIVE RADAR POWERS, THE SIGHTLESS SMASH-BUCKLER UNERRINGLY USES THE HIGH-FREQUENCY RADIO BEAM TO LEAD HIM DIRECTLY TO HIS OBJECTIVE, AND THEN...

FROG MAN! WHY DID YOU KEEP BREAKING RADIO CONTACT? WHAT HAPPENED TO THE MAYOR? ANSWER ME, YOU BUFFOON!

MAYBE THERE'S A LOOSE WIRE IN MY SENDING SET! BUT DON'T WORRY... EVERYTHING'S FINE!

IF EVERYTHING WENT AS I PLANNED IT TO, THE POLICE ARE TUNED IN TO THIS LITTLE SCENE RIGHT NOW!

I SET THE EXPLOSIVE CHARGE WHERE YOU WANTED IT, BUT I THOUGHT YOU'D ENJOY DETONATING IT YOURSELF!

YOU FOOL! WHAT DOES IT MATTER WHO DOES IT, AS LONG AS THE CITY GETS A NEW MAYOR, BACKED BY OUR OWN REFORM PARTY!

NOW STAND ASIDE! ONCE I PUSH THIS REMOTE CONTROL DETONATE BUTTON, CITY HALL WILL BE MINE!

WHILE, IN A POLICE MONITORING LAB, ACROSS TOWN...

IT WASN'T A HOAX! WE'RE REALLY GETTING WHAT DAREDEVIL PROMISED!

QUICK! CUT IN ON THE REGULAR CHANNELS! GIVE THIS THE WIDEST POSSIBLE EXPOSURE! THE PEOPLE HAVE THE RIGHT TO WITNESS THIS LIVE!

THE ORGANIZER DOESN'T REALIZE THAT HE'S ON CAMERA WHILE THE PHONY FROG MAN KEEPS HIS BUILT-IN LENS FACING HIM! THIS IS ONE FOR THE BOOKS!

NBS

WHAT HAPPENED?! THE DETONATE LIGHT DIDN'T FLASH! THERE WAS NO EXPLOSION! YOU BUNGLED THE JOB!

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE REGULAR SHOW? WHAT CAN THIS BE?

UH UH! YOU BUNGLED IT, ORGANIZER! I PLANNED IT THIS WAY! I NEVER SET THE EXPLOSIVE CHARGE IN THE FIRST PLACE!

IT'S TOO EARLY FOR "AGENT OF SHIELD"!

THOSE SILLY MYSTERIES ALL SEEM THE SAME TO ME!

THEN, SUDDENLY, WHILE TALKING TO THE IMPOSTOR FROG MAN, THE ORGANIZER GLANCES AT HIS OWN TV SCREEN...

THIS VERY SCENE... IT'S BEING TELEVISED! THE WHOLE CITY IS TUNED IN TO US!

THIS VERY SCENE... IT'S BEING TELEVISED! THE WHOLE CITY IS TUNED IN TO US!

I WONDER IF OUR RATINGS WILL BEAT OUT PEYTON PLACE!

IT'S YOU! YOU'VE BETRAYED ME! YOUR "TV" EYE IS OPERATING RIGHT NOW!

AND I DID SO WANT IT TO BE A SURPRISE!

GET HIM!

NOW, BOYS, WHY DON'T WE JUST TALK THIS OVER? TV CAN USE A NEW DEBATE SHOW!

YOUR TALKIN' DAYS ARE OVER, YOU DOUBLE-CROSSER!

THEY'RE BOTH RUSHING ME! I'VE GOT TO MOVE FAST!

THE ADVANTAGE IS MINE SO LONG AS THEY STILL DON'T REALIZE THEY'RE FIGHTING A MAN WHO CAN "READ" THEIR NEXT MOVES BY LISTENING TO THEIR PULSE AND HEART-BEAT!

THERE'S A TRAP DOOR UNDER ME! A SWITCH BEING THROWN! I'M IN FOR IT!

WHOP

THOK!

WHAT GOT INTO FROG MAN?? HE NEVER USED TA BE ABLE TO FIGHT LIKE THAT BEFORE!

UNNNH! YOU'RE TELLIN' ME!

I WAS RIGHT! HERE I GO!

THAT'LL FINISH HIM OFF! NOW WE'VE GOT TO CLEAR OUT OF HERE!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT GAVE HIM THE COURAGE TO *BETRAY* ME, BUT NO ONE *ELSE* WILL EVER DARE AFTER *THIS!*

MY RADAR SENSE TELLS ME EXACTLY HOW FAR THE DROP IS...

...AND MY EXTRA-SWIFT REFLEXES WILL ALLOW ME TO GO *LIMP* AT EXACTLY THE RIGHT SPLIT-SECOND!

SO, WITH LUCK... I'LL END UP WITH NOTHING MORE THAN A FEW BRUISES! BUT, *THEY* DON'T KNOW THAT!

FIRST *CAT MAN* GETS HIMSELF CAUGHT, AND NOW WE LOSE *FROG MAN!* SOME "ORGANIZATION" *THIS* IS!

DON'T WORRY! WE'LL ESCAPE, REORGANIZE, AND COME BACK *STRONGER* THAN EVER!

YEAH! THEN WE BETTER GET *STARTED!*

LOOK! THE COPS ARE STARTIN' TO SURROUND THE BLOCK!

LUCKY WE HAD THIS ESCAPE ROUTE PLANNED! *MOVE!*

WHIRRRRRRR

AND, AS WHAT'S LEFT OF THE *ORGANIZATION* FADES INTO THE NIGHT...

I WOULDN'T WANT A STEADY DIET OF FALLS LIKE THAT!

BUT, AT LEAST THE *BELLS* ARE RINGING SOFTER NOW!

WOOOO! HOW CAN A FEW BRUISED MUSCLES AND BONES *ACHE* SO MUCH??

WELL, IT WAS *WORTH* IT! THE PUBLIC WILL *NEVER* VOTE FOR THE PHONY REFORM PARTY NOW!

AND, AT LAST I KNOW... BEYOND ANY DOUBT... WHO THE *ORGANIZER* REALLY *IS!*

NOW, MY FIRST MOVE IS TO REACH MY *APARTMENT* ON THE DOUBLE! I'VE GOT AN EXTRA *DAREDEVIL* COSTUME WAITING FOR ME THERE! SOMEHOW, I JUST DON'T THINK I'M THE *FROG MAN* TYPE!

THEN, AFTER A HAIR-RAISING ROOF-TOP DASH ACROSS TOWN...

SO FAR, SO GOOD! NOW, IT'S TIME FOR D.D. TO MAKE LIKE A HERO BY WRAPPING THIS CASE UP IN A BLAZE OF GLORY!

A SHORT TIME LATER, AT THE CAMPAIGN OFFICES OF THE REFORM PARTY...

VOTE

WE WANT TO ANNOUNCE THAT WE HAVE BEEN *DUPED!* THEREFORE WE ARE RESIGNING FROM THE REFORM PARTY *IMMEDIATELY!*

WHY ISN'T *MONROE* HERE? ONLY THE *ORGANIZER* HIMSELF WOULD NOT DARE TO SHOW UP!

ATTENTION, YOU FOOLS! THIS IS THE *ORGANIZER!* I AM ABOUT TO BROADCAST MY FINAL *MESSAGE!*

HEADQUARTERS

TOO BAD ABOUT *NELSON!* HE'D HAVE MADE A GOOD D.A.!

YEAH! IT'S TOO BAD ABOUT *ALL* OF THEM! THE *ORGANIZER* WAS JUST *USING* THEM!

LOOK! HE'S MANAGED TO CUT INTO THE NORMAL BROADCAST CHANNELS AGAIN!

THIS CITY HASN'T HEARD THE *LAST* OF ME! I'VE ONLY SUFFERED A MINOR SETBACK ...BUT I SHALL *RETURN!*

THIS *PROVES* IT! *MONROE* IS THE ONLY ONE OF US WHO ISN'T HERE! *HE'S* THE ORGANIZER!

I NEVER EVEN *SUSPECTED* HIM!

IT DOESN'T MATTER WHO IS ELECTED MAYOR! I'LL FIND *SOME* WAY TO GAIN CONTROL OF THE CITY! *NOTHING* CAN DEFEAT THE ORGANIZER! NO ONE CAN EVER CATCH ME!

HE MUST BE A *MADMAN!*

IF NOT FOR *DAREDEVIL* EXPOSING HIS PLAN, *ANYTHING* MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED!

REFORM

VOTE

WHY WOULD THE ORGANIZER HAVE TAKEN THE RISK OF MAKING THAT BROADCAST? IT DID HIM NO GOOD!

WHAT DO YOU *MEAN,* NELSON?

I JUST *THOUGHT* OF SOMETHING! WHAT IF THAT WAS A *PHONY?* HE COULD HAVE PUT THAT SPEECH ON *FILM,* AND SHOWN IT NOW, TO MAKE US THINK HE'S NOT ONE OF *US!*

THAT'S *RIDICULOUS,* NELSON! WITH IDEAS LIKE *THAT,* I'M GLAD YOU *WON'T* BE ELECTED D.A.!

IS THAT *SO?* HOW CAN YOU BE SO *SURE* I'M WRONG? WHAT IF SOMEONE SENT MONROE OUT OF TOWN, ON A FOOL'S ERRAND, JUST TO THROW SUSPICION ON HIM?

TAKE YOUR *HAND* OFF ME, YOU YOUNG PUP! DO YOU REALIZE WHO I *AM?* I'LL *BREAK* YOU FOR THIS!

WHY SO *ANGRY,* JONAS? I'M NOT ACCUSING *YOU* OF ANYTHING!

WANT POWER-PLUS THRILLS AND SURPRISES? THEN YOU WANT DAREDEVIL AGAIN NEXT ISH! GET WITH IT, TIGER! GET SMASH!

GRIMLY FEENDISH

THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD!

HELLO, FOLKS! I'M GRIMLY FEENDISH!

AND HE'S HORRIBLE UGH!!

BOO! HOO! I WISH SOMEONE WOULD INVENT SOMETHING TO STICK MY HEAD BACK ON—NOTHING SEEMS TO WORK!

???

GRR! IF YOU COULD PINCH SOME MONEY I COULD GO TO A TOP BRAIN SURGEON TO STITCH MY HEAD BACK ON, YOU USELESS TWERP!

WE'LL DO BETTER THAN THAT, MY BOY—WE'LL KIDNAP A TOP SURGEON AND BRING HIM *HERE* TO STITCH YOU UP!

AND SO... FEENDISH FLATS

HEH! HEH! SAINT JIMMY'S HOSPITAL HERE WE COME!

AT THE HOSPITAL...

THEATRE

???

I SAY, SIR—YOU CAN'T STICK THAT INTO ANYBODY, YOU KNOW—YOU'D NEED TO STOP UP THE HOLE WITH A JOLLY OLD CORK!

ERK!

HEH! HEH! I'M AFRAID YOU DON'T GET THE—ER—POINT, DOCTOR!

HELP! HELP! CALL FOR DOCTOR SIGG—EMERGENCY!

IT'S NOT FOR STICKING IN PEOPLE—IT'S FOR STICKING PEOPLE *IN!* HEH! HEH!

WE DID IT, SQUELCH—WE'LL GET THIS TWERP TO FIX UP THE HEADLESS WONDER NOW!

ZOOM!

BACK AT THE HIDEOUT...

YOUR WORRIES ARE OVER, HEADLESS WONDER—HERE'S A DOCTOR TO DO THE NEEDFUL!

I'LL THREAD THE NEEDLE!

HELP!

POP!

RIGHT, DOC! GET ON WITH IT—A STITCH IN TIME SAVES A BELT ON THE BONCE!

WELL, ER—I THINK YOU SHOULD KNOW—!

I'M NOT A DOCTOR—I'M A DENTIST!

I SAY, IT'S LUCKY YOU BROUGHT ME HERE—HIS TEETH ARE *ROTTEN!*

GRR! *THEY'LL* NEED A FEW STITCHES WHEN I'M FINISHED WITH THEM!

HELP! HELP! HOW WERE WE TO KNOW!

GOSH! HE'S REALLY GOT THE NEEDLE! *GULP!*